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## AN ENGINEER'S ADVENTURE.

I AM not sure of the year, but it was some time in the Forties. Nicholas I. was czar of all the Russias; nobody dreamed of the Crimean War; the latest insurrection in Poland had long been crushed; the country was quiet, if not contented; and I was engaged as an assistant-engineer on the survey for the Warsaw and St Petersburg Railway. My principal, whom I will call Mr Evans, as the names of high-standing professionals are not to be printed in the private memoirs of their subs, was one of the English contractors, and chief-engineer as far as Wilna, where his headquarters were fixed, and from whence his instructions were sent forth to all his outposts along the line. Mr Evans placed considerable confidence in me; I suppose it was well founded, for I had served my apprenticeship with him, and subsequently acted as his assistant in the survey of sundry railways in England, Belgium, and Germany. The rail was a new institution then, and as it originated with us, English engineers were in high request for laying it down in all parts of the continent. The fact brought us into connection with our brother-professionals from every quarter of Europe. So it happened, that associated with me on the same station, and nearly as high in my principal's esteem, there was a French engineer of the name of Duroche. He was a born Parisian, a handsome, clever fellow, about my own age, which was then twenty-seven, deeply devoted to his profession, light-hearted, ready-witted, and admirably qualified for making himself at home wherever he went. Duroche was courteous and kindly too; he knew more about the northern country than I did, having engineered a good deal in different parts of Russia, and was by no means chary of his knowledge. He understood English well, but spoke it very badly. I was in the very same estate with regard to his language, and by a sort of tacit agreement, each conversed in his native tongue, while we carried on our share of the survey together, inhabited the same tent, and became intimate friends.

Some such social amenity was requisite for men so situated. Our station was considered one of the most important on the line, because it included the worst of the engineering difficulties, being a wild district, half-forest and half-marsh, curiously diversified with masses of rock and ridges of sand—in my honest opinion, the refuse of all Poland. In the midst of this terrestrial paradise, and on one of the sand-ridges, which happened to be the highest and driest spot we could find, was pitched the tent in which my surveying-companion and myself found sleeping-room and shelter from the worst of the weather. Hard by it, stood an old wooden post-house, deserted for many a year because no travellers came that way, and which was the rest and refuge of two Russian sappers, who served us as chain-men, and understood no order except it were given in their own language, or accompanied by a shaken stick. There was no town or village within a day's journey of us; the nearest was a miserable place called Linke, and the best house in it belonged to the blacksmith. All our ironwork had to be done there, and all our provisions brought from thence, which, together with the surveying, kept ourselves and our Russian sappers perpetually on the road. A wild one it was, winding through marsh and forest; I am certain no engineer had ever been employed upon it, and the transit of any vehicle would have been impossible. But at one of its sharpest turns, midway between our station and Linke, on a rising-ground, girdled with ancient oaks and pines, stood an old-fashioned Polish mansion built partly of stone, partly of timber, and standing out grand and stately from the mass of the dark green-wood.

The family who occupied it were named Jasinski. They consisted of a father and daughter, with a large retinue of servants. The father was a white-haired venerable-looking man, approaching fourscore, with the titles of count, colonel, and knight of half the orders of Europe. The daughter was named Clementa, one of the finest women I ever saw, which is saying a good deal for a man who has seen the ladies of Poland, even as an engineer.

They bear the bell in all the north for beauty and talent, and the old count's daughter, in my humble judgment, excelled the most of them. Tall, finely moulded, with classical features, an alabaster complexion, and eyes and hair of the brightest and blackest, for the stateliness of her carriage she might have been a queen, and for the sweetness of her face, an angel. Besides, Clementa was wonderfully clever, could sing and play, speak English, French, and German, and talk literature and politics quite beyond my depth.

You perceive I got acquainted with the people of the château, as Duroche called them. It was he that introduced me by accident, as it seemed, one day, when we chanced to be surveying in their neighbourhood, and the old count and his daughter came by in their morning-walk. They greeted Duroche like old friends; he presented me at once, greatly to my own satisfaction; and we got an immediate invitation to lunch in the château. It was my first introduction to the good society of the north. Living in that lonely forest-mansion, with nobody but peasants, like the Linke people, within many a mile of them, any stranger who could behave like a gentleman, was doubtless an addition to the Jasinskis' resources. Duroche was evidently their family-friend; but while the old count and he talked mostly together, I fancied that Clementa made me particularly welcome. It might have been because she spoke English, which I had not heard intelligibly uttered for some time, and that with a disposition as sweet as her looks, she sympathised with my undisguised delight at hearing my mother-tongue once more. But certain it was, that Clementa talked to me, paid me a good deal of ladylike and delicate attention, and warmly seconded the general invitation which her father gave me to his board and mansion, in common with Duroche.

I took the first opportunity to get out of the latter gentleman how he and the Jasinskis had become acquainted; but getting anything out of Duroche was not an easy business. All he pleased to tell me was, that his father and the count had served the great Napoleon, and made the Russian campaign together; that the Jasinskis claimed the highest rank, and owned the largest estate in that part of Poland; and that Clementa was generally supposed to be her father's heiress.

'Has the old count no other children, then?' said I.

'It is believed he has no other child,' said Duroche. 'There was a son, Henry Vladimir, a gallant fellow, and nearly as handsome as his sister. He joined the insurgents or patriots—I don't know which you English call them—in the last rising; did his part in the defence of Warsaw; and was one of the corps who got through Turkey with arms in their hands, and embarked for Marseilles. After that, he spent a good deal of time between France and England, hoping and working for Poland as best he could. The Russian

government did him the honour of a special proscription; the rewards privately offered for his arrest still glitter in the eyes of German policemen in all the towns of Fatherland, where dirty work is done for the czar. But they never caught their bird; in fact—and Duroche looked confidential—'it has never been ascertained what became of poor Henry. Some say he disappeared suddenly in the midst of a particularly foggy winter in London; some say he was lost with an English steamer making the passage to Hamburg. At anyrate, he is believed to be dead. You see the count and his daughter still wear crape round their left arms, in mourning for him and the cause that took him from them. Clementa is the acknowledged heiress of family honours and estate; and you will see a Russian count who knows that, and has bought a property bordering on the Jasinskis, which belonged to one of the patriots, and was confiscated; they say he has got the old count's approbation, and will carry off the prize.'

I did see the Russian count on my very next call at the château; he was named Krouzoff, a tall handsome man about thirty; very gentlemanly in his manners; very pleasant to hear and converse with; well informed, particularly on social subjects; wonderfully free from pride and prejudice, and with a sort of general benevolence in speech and look, which made him agreeable to everybody. He was on a most friendly footing with the Jasinskis, which I attributed rather to the uncommonly liberal view he took of Polish discontents and grievances, than to the success of his designs on Clementa's heart and hand. Krouzoff positively appeared to sympathise with the Poles in their fierce and frequent struggles for liberty; lost no opportunity of denouncing the tyranny of his own government, in a style which I thought at once courageous and extraordinary for a Russian. By the way, I heard rather than conversed with him. Krouzoff could speak no English; but, in common with most Russian gentlemen, he spoke French like a native. That, and a longer acquaintance, made Duroche and him quite familiar; they shewed each other what might be called high consideration in and out of the château; had friendly greetings whenever they chanced to meet; had a great deal to say between them; yet I became conscious, on my first entrance into their society, that my engineering friend lost no love on the Russian count. 'Ah, bah,' he would say, when I sounded the latter's praises, 'there is the Tartar covered with the Muscovite cunning, and a thin coat of French polish, which he got from his tutor, and the slight civilisation we were able to establish in St Petersburg. That excellent man's servants know the weight of his horsewhip—every one, except a countryman of mine, whom he has got for a valet, and the Russian knows better than to try such tricks on him.'

'But he is so liberal and sympathising with the Poles,' said I.

'Of course he is; hasn't he got one of their confiscated estates, and is he not looking out for another with the hand of the fair Clementa? Ah, my friend, there is no sympathy so genuine as that which brings a little profit to a man;' and Duroche shrugged his shoulders with great energy.

As time progressed, our survey went on, and I became more intimate in the château. My opinion of the sympathiser with Polish grievances,

and proprietor of the confiscated estate, became worse every day; for, strange as it may appear, a spirit of rivalry took possession of me. Clementa was a Polish countess, it was true, heiress of a large estate, and a noble line. I was an assistant-engineer from England, with nothing but professional expectations and uncertainties, no family to boast of, and what was worse, or better, a kind of engagement on hand. There was a certain Miss Lucy Anne Patterson, whom a local poet had styled the belle of Birkenhead, with my entire concurrence, some three years before the time of the present story, when I was surveying about one of the Liverpool docks. There had been a solemn introduction at a tea-party, two or three quadrilles danced at different friends' houses, two or three takings down to supper, two or three seesings-home, at length an interchange of letters, a ring, and an engagement. But here Lucy Anne's mamma laid her veto on the business. Mrs Patterson had five daughters younger than my charmer; she did not like long engagements; she had no great opinion of young men without a position; girls were often kept from being provided for, and then left in the lurch; she would have no breaches of promise tried in her family; in short, Lucy Anne was commanded to take off the ring, and return the letters. I was to do likewise, and we compromised matters with the ingenuity of young people, by locking up our respective treasures out of all sight but our own, vowing eternal constancy, and keeping servant-maids and errand-boys in private employment with our secret correspondence.

But that Polish girl, with her stately beauty, her polished but easy manners, her magnificent voice, and the English she spoke to me—I am clear it was not her estate and title that did the business—sapped the outworks of my plighted faith, and made its very foundations totter. At first I thought she shewed me particular civility; then her preference became so decided, that I wondered Duroche did not observe it; and at length I felt convinced that Krouzoff, with all his courtesy to the English stranger, hated me with his whole heart as a favoured rival. A man ought to be ashamed to tell such things, but they happen to be true. My acquaintance with the Jasinskis had commenced in the early spring; before midsummer, my letters to Lucy Anne had dwindled down from five pages to scarcely one and a half; and before the leaves were falling, I could never find leisure to take one to Linke in time for the passing postman, who picked up letters at all the villages on his way from Wilna to Warsaw. I was losing my heart, or rather Lucy Anne's part of it; losing my self-command and my self-respect too, for was not I an engaged man, and what had one of my estate to do with a Polish countess? But Clementa was fair, and I had persuaded myself fond; and how could a man be expected to keep constant under such circumstances? It was all the fault of Lucy Anne's mamma. Was there ever a son of Adam who could not find somebody to blame for his own doings? In short, I came to the conclusion that my vows to the belle of Birkenhead were not at all binding; that fortune did not put such an opportunity in everybody's way; that doubtless there were transcendent merits in me, Charles James Hawkins, which had escaped the notice of my friends in England, and been made manifest to the heiress of the Jasinskis; had she not encouraged

me, and should I not take heart and make my declaration on the first opportunity? Wouldn't Duroche be astonished when it all came out, and he had never guessed what was passing under his own eyes, notwithstanding his countrymen's pretensions to astuteness!

Being thus resolved, I waited but the occasion. It was the beginning of winter now—the Polish winter, which sets in with such wind and rain as we seldom see in England, great as is our land's repute for wet weather. Our stays at the château were consequently longer; the lengthening evenings gave time for music, cards, and talk, at which Clementa and I were frequently, in a manner, tête-à-tête; but on the very next visit after my grand resolution was taken, I was surprised to find a Hungarian cousin, of whom I had never heard, just arrived, and established in the château. He was an officer in the Austrian service, wore the uniform, together with an immense black beard, and could speak nothing but German or Magyar. How he would have looked without the hairy mask which concealed the greater part of his countenance, I cannot tell, but the Hungarian struck me as not at all prepossessing, and haughtily reserved.

There was another peculiarity about him which gave me a still worse opinion of the Hungarian cousin. His presence seemed to impose an unaccountable constraint or concern on the family. Even Clementa looked always on her guard after his coming; the old count was for ever casting anxious looks round the room where we all sat so cozy in the wet stormy evenings, and the sudden entrance of a servant would make him and his daughter appear as much frightened as if they had seen a spectre. They did not wish it to be noticed; and I put on great symptoms of non-observation, as soon as the fact was made plain to me. Duroche did it in his own way, as we went home together through a lull of the tempest. 'Sad pity of the Jasinskis,' said he; 'who could have thought of poor Henry getting into such heavy embarrassments—debts, I mean—to that Hungarian cousin? A wealthy Magyar, you perceive; a mine-owner, in fact, of the strict and stern old school. He lent the poor boy money at different times, when Henry was at college and elsewhere. The old count, not having cash to pay, gave his bond for it at a heavy percentage, which the Magyar comes to levy every year about this season. Between ourselves, I believe he is now pressing for the principal; the count cannot raise it, large as his estate is; the family are too hospitable and generous to have much laid by, and they are trying to promise him off. They don't care for anything if the difficulty can be kept out of sight; so you and I had better take no notice of their disquietude.'

The propriety of the course thus recommended was obvious; I only regretted that it afforded me no chance of exhibiting my sympathy with the family, and thus outrivalling Krouzoff. By the way, I forgot to mention that he was not at the château that evening; and Clementa told me, with some appearance of satisfaction, that he had gone to visit his relatives in Grodno, and would not be back for a fortnight. There was my opportunity. I would lay my heart and hopes at her feet, in spite of the Magyar and his bond. Might not that Hungarian cousin be a rival too, though Duroche had not said it? I sounded him on the subject.

The Frenchman looked mysterious, but would admit nothing. I should see for myself, however, and it was in a strange conflict of hopes and fears, concealed, as I flattered myself, under an easy and careless exterior, that I started with him, on the next convenient evening, for the château, as Duroche never allowed me to go alone.

The November day was drawing to its close, the storms of wind and rain had fallen to a cold calm, which promised the setting in of the northern frost. The muddy path by which we traversed the bare woods was already growing firm beneath our feet, and another turn would have brought us within sight of the Jasinski mansion, when Duroche, who had been looking at the effects of the sunset through the trees, suddenly stopped in his walk, as if something had struck him—a fearful thought it seemed, for he turned as pale as death, and before I could ask what was the matter, said in a hurried tone: 'I must go back, my friend; I have left my portmanteau unlocked in the tent; there are papers and things valuable to me in it, and nobody could trust those men of ours. Go on, I will join you at the château,' and he started off at a pace which prevented all questions. What could he have in that portmanteau to be so frightened about? It was a new wonder concerning Duroche, but I took his advice, and hurried on to the château, where Clementa and her father received me with their usual kindness, but seemed surprised not to see my friend. The Magyar was with them still; his cavalry-cloak, lined with lambskin, and embroidered on the breast with the Austrian eagle, hung in the hall, but he was indisposed that evening, and had retired to his room. My opportunity was growing greater, and I was making up my mind how to profit by it when Duroche should come in and engage the old count in conversation; but he did not come, and while I was wondering at his delay, a tap at the door, and a whisper from a servant, took Clementa out of the room. She stayed about a quarter of an hour. The old count kept talking to me about my surveying and the weather, but his eyes kept wandering to the door. At length Clementa came back with a very discomposed look.

'Mr Hawkins,' said she to me in English, 'I am sorry we must lose you for a while; a messenger has come from Monsieur Duroche to say that your chief is in the tent, and wishes to see you.'

Mr Evans came all the way from Wilna at such an hour, and wanting to see me! Something prodigiously wrong or right must have happened in our business, and the great opportunity, for this time, had to be lost. Up I got with hasty apologies and leave-taking, and down stairs I went, to my great delight accompanied by Clementa. She was sorry I had to go—just when their pleasant evening was beginning—such a distance through the dark night; 'and it rains, too,' said she, as we approached the door; 'you will be drowned, Mr Hawkins, or chilled to death in that thin cloak of yours; do take my cousin's,' and she plucked it down from the pin with her own hands.

'I really don't want it, and your cousin may think it is making too free,' I said.

'Never mind what he thinks; I will explain matters, and you will take it for my sake not to get cold.'

Clementa threw the cloak about me as she spoke. Had it been the czar's robe of state, or the worst

convict-dress in Russia, I would have worn it; and trying to say so, while she urged me to make haste for my chief was waiting, I pressed her fair hand to my lips, and dashed out into the dark night. There were no lights to be seen, but the courtyard gate was open. I had just stepped out and closed it quietly behind me, and was thinking what path through the forest would be the shortest, when a gleam of light was thrown over my shoulder, there was a rush of men from all sides, and I found myself surrounded and seized by some score of Russian soldiers. Before I could resist or remonstrate, my hands were firmly bound, and I was half dragged half carried to a large rough carriage, into which they flung me, while four of the company, armed with swords, pistols, and a lantern, sprung in too, secured the door, and off went the vehicle. It was at a fearful speed considering the nature of the ground; deep ruts and projecting trees made it jolt and roll every minute; but on we went through the thick night and thicker forest, and there sat my escort, with their pistols at full-cock, the lantern fixed between them, and their eyes fixed on me. I could not speak a word of Russiac, but I tried my best in English, French, and German, to inquire why I was arrested, and where they were taking me.

'The Count Jasinski knows very well why he is arrested,' said the sternest but most civilised of the party, in answer to my seventh attempt, and in very good French.

'I am not the Count Jasinski, but an English engineer,' I cried.

'Monsieur Jasinski has been a good while in London, and speaks English well, I believe,' said the Russian.

'But inquire of Mr Evans, my employer, and one of the contractors for the Warsaw and St Petersburg Railway; or, if he be too far off, send for my friend and fellow-engineer, I will tell your people where to find him,' I cried in desperation.

'Monsieur Duroche is not far off; we are passing the engineer's tent, and shall soon see what he has to say,' said the Russian, with most triumphant assurance, at the same time ringing a small bell, which brought the carriage to a stop, and a soldier presented himself at the door. The man in authority spoke to him in Russiac; he disappeared, and in a few minutes great was my delight to see Duroche, lantern in hand, accompanied by our two chainmen. Let me premise, that a word of their language I did not understand; my friend had always acted as interpreter between us, and now the two stared at me as if they had attended my funeral only the day before; but the Frenchman's look was, if possible, more dismayed.

'You can testify to these gentlemen that I am not Count Jasinski?' I said.

Duroche shook his head. 'I am very sorry I cannot.'

'You can't say that I am Charles James Hawkins, the English engineer, who has been for the last six months in the tent? Where is it?' and I made a move to look out. The Russian cocked his pistol to my head, the soldiers on either side flung me back into the carriage, the word was given to drive on, and Duroche vanished.

I was clearly the victim of a conspiracy as foul and treacherous as the annals of crime could shew. The Russian Count Krouzoff wanted to get me out of

his way, and Duroche, the man who had been my friend and companion for many a month, was his zealous instrument. Between them, they had contrived to get me kidnapped by a company of Russian soldiers—their officer, the man who spoke French, knew very well what he was about. I was to be transported to Siberia, set to work in a fortress or a mine, called by a number instead of a name, and never heard of more by my anxious friends! Had not such things been done to other strangers in Russia, and there was no chance of escape? All the bribed officials would insist that I was Count Jasinski, and know me for not believing it. I cursed my fate—I cursed the whole Gallic and Slavonic races—all but Clementa. I could not imagine that she would have a hand in such a conspiracy; the false message had deceived her as well as myself, and she sent me out to my enemies; still, the lady had been in a hurry about it, and conscience whispered that the whole transaction was a judgment on my falsehood to Lucy Anne. O for one hour beside her in Birkenhead, notwithstanding the mamma that hated long engagements! But on and on the carriage jolted all the long night, stopping only to change horses, with the pistols always at full-cock about me, and from the little observation I was able to make, it was evident that we were going due east to Moscow—in fact, right to the Siberian gate. I was growing half-mad with the thoughts of it, when the day began to dawn, dim and misty, and the carriage stopped at a solitary post-house in the midst of a wide barren plain, which looked like the first of the steppes. Out came the postmaster, all hair and beard; out came a company of men, who looked every one like engineers; and out at their head, as if leading a grand survey, came my principal, Mr Evans. No sight that ever met my eyes before or since, seemed half so joyful or glorious as his broad, bronzed face.

‘Help me—save me, Mr Evans!’ I cried; ‘they are carrying me away to the mines of Siberia, and I have done no evil.’

‘Don’t be afraid,’ said Evans to me in English, while his company quietly surrounded the carriage, and he addressed himself to the officer in sound Russian, exhibiting papers, and, I knew, discoursing about the knout. The man hesitated, and held back for a while; but at length, seeing that the engineer’s company were about to take the business in their own hands, he gave way, allowed me to be taken out of the carriage, unbound, and lodged at the post-house, while he and his satellites stayed outside to keep guard.

‘We must remain here,’ said Evans, ‘till the governor’s courier from Wilna comes up. We have outridden him by some hours, I fancy, for the moment the news reached me, I gathered the men and mounted, took the shortest route across the country, and got here about twenty minutes ago. Hawkins, how did you get into this confounded scrape?’

‘It was all Duroche’s doings,’ said I.

‘Duroche?’ said the engineer; ‘he was the very man who sent me the intelligence, and he must have paid the messenger well to have run so fast. Here is his letter.’

He put into my hand a crumpled paper, and I read by the fading wood-fire and the kindling day, one of the most earnest and urgent appeals that man could write under the spur of fear and friend-

ship. He prayed Evans, for the sake of everything in this world and the next, to fly to my rescue; gave full particulars of where and how I was to be found, at that very post-house, *en route* for Moscow; and adjured him not to let his dear English friend suffer by such an absurd mistake, which he believed was rather a conspiracy got up by a certain Russian nobleman for his own purposes.

Whether the Frenchman or myself had gone mad in the course of that night, I could not be certain; Evans was inclined to think it was me. But the governor’s courier from Wilna arrived at last, with the warrant for my immediate transfer to that town. I could not be liberated at once, as the governor had some doubts in his mind; but in the custody of the soldiers, and escorted by the engineer and his men, I reached Wilna, and was brought before his excellency. By that time, the governor had got positive intelligence of the escape of Count Henry Vladimir Jasinski, who, not being lost in the Hamburg steamer, had stolen back to see his family, in the disguise of an Austrian officer, and was all but taken, the authorities having received information from Krouzoff, when I came out wearing his well-known cloak, and was arrested in his stead. The officer on duty might have discovered his mistake but for the attestation of the engineer Duroche, and in the same long night in which I was driven towards Moscow, that gentleman, together with the Jasinskis, one and all, contrived to make their way to the Russian frontier. Nothing but the energy with which I had protested against my own arrest saved me from the charge of complicity in the plot. As it was, I had some difficulty in getting liberated, and had to be sent to a different station, on account of the umbrage given to the authorities. Mr Evans found his credit so much involved in the affair, that he soon after found business for me in England. So I lost the chance of being his head-man on the Warsaw and St Petersburg Railway, and took a resolution to take signal vengeance on Duroche if ever he came in my way.

I know not how far that resolution would have been kept, but a very short time after my arrival in England, I received his wedding-cards, and a most friendly note, informing me that Clementa had consented to become Madame Duroche. They had been engaged for years, he was good enough to say, but the old count could not be brought to approve of the match till after the little service which he had the happiness to render to the family through my instrumentality. Duroche further assured me, that nothing but the urgent necessity of the case, and the sight he got of the Russian soldiers stealing through the forest to surround the château, would have made him subject me to such inconvenience, but he knew my benevolent heart would rejoice in having been the agent of escape to a persecuted patriot. My benevolent heart did not exactly rejoice; it was for a good cause, but I had been tricked, lost my engineering prospects, and well deserved it all. None of my friends were enlightened, however, on the last fact. I went back to Birkenhead, and gave Lucy Anne to understand the peril I had escaped. I am not sure that she didn’t believe it was owing to the unrequited love of a Russian countess. At anyrate there was a great impression made, not only on her, but on all the Pattersons. I became a hero of romance among them, the mamma consented to the renewal of our

engagement. I got a position almost to her mind some time after, got married, am now a family-man, and can afford to give a true account of my adventure in Poland.

### THIRTY YEARS' NATIONAL HOUSEKEEPING.

DURING the last twenty to thirty years, Mr John Bull has found his family increasing very rapidly around him. Happily, the honest gentleman's income has also increased, and he has felt justified in enlarging his establishment and gratifying his taste for expenditure. It has been said that formerly the worthy gentleman used to be imposed upon by some of his intimate friends and dependents. Of course, nothing of that kind goes on now; and though Mr Bull's outgoings are large, it is supposed that they are only in accord with his hospitable disposition. He has sometimes been twitted with having very few fixtures to shew for his great outlay; but there is this excellent point in the national housekeeping, that, from the accounts, it can at any time be shewn how the income has been spent. One of the confidential friends of Mr Bull did lately ask to be shewn a statement of the current expenses since the year 1835; and that account was duly furnished, and from it we propose to extract and cast up some of the more interesting items.\*

In the paper before us are four hundred and seventy-five items, which are divided into seven classes. It will be for the convenience of our readers if, in disregard of these divisions, we select those items only which have special or local interest.

Royalty is always entitled to precedence, and therefore the first item of expenditure upon buildings is for Royal Palaces and places like Hampton Court, which have formerly been royal residences. This joint item commences in 1835, with a charge of £75,300; it steadily increases until 1848, then declines for a year or two; after this, it rises again, reaching £184,728 in 1859; while last year the list closes at £162,994. The third charge in the list is for Buckingham Palace alone, but it only figures during nine years of the period. The main portion of the outlay on this building was during the five years 1846-50, a period when the royal nurseries required frequent enlargement. Since 1850, the total amount expended has been £47,305.

The Houses of Parliament, or, as they have been styled, the 'Palaces of the People,' may vie for costliness with those of royalty itself. The new Houses have been an annual charge since 1837. In that year, £88,000 were voted; in 1840, the demand fell to £30,000; it rose to the highest point in 1853, when a sum of £215,774 was paid, and the account closes with £46,444 for last year. To strike a rough average, these sums represent an annual charge of about £65,500 during twenty-seven years. These are building and repairing funds; there is, besides, the regular charge for the officials who maintain the dignity and execute the behests of the House, including the august

\* *An Account of the Sums voted in Supply in the years 1835 to 1863, both inclusive, &c.—An Abstract of Grants for Miscellaneous Services, &c.* Moved for by Sir H. Willoughby; signed, F. Pecl.

'Black Rod,' the serjeant-at-arms, and the police force who act as sentries. This charge is a variable one; it commences in 1835 with £80,000, declines to £25,000 in 1852, and last year was £74,986.

This United Kingdom, although comprising four distinct nationalities, has within its borders no family jars; all share by turn in the funds of the general stock, on occasion being shewn for any special outlay. Perhaps the 'sister kingdom,' as Ireland is affectionately styled, does get the largest share; but let that pass for the present. We find that public buildings in Ireland have formed a generally increasing charge since 1835. In that year the sum was £12,300, and the account closes, in 1863, at £114,618. The National Gallery of Dublin, dating only from 1855, has cost an aggregate sum of £25,630. The 'Cuffe Street Savings-bank' (Dublin) has cost £30,000 and public offices at Belfast £6318. The 'Townland Survey' of Ireland was a costly affair, amounting to no less than £70,000; while certain boundary commissioners have received £9400. The vice-regal office in Ireland is one, however, in the expense of which this return exhibits a great decline. In 1835, the annual charge for the household of the lord-lieutenant was £12,696. It was reduced in 1838 to little more than half the amount; and during the eight years since 1855, it has stood at £6431, except last year, when the sum is £14 more.

Scotland has no lord-lieutenant, and probably does not desire one, so that need form no point of comparison between the two countries. Happily, there is not any item standing against the northern kingdom to compare with that for 'Distress in Ireland,' which, for the three years 1846-48, amounted to an aggregate sum of £2,225,510. Scotland has, however, a variety of undertakings in which the public money has been found useful. The Caledonian and Crinan Canals have, since 1841, cost an aggregate of £307,260. For the buildings of the Industrial Museum at Edinburgh, £15,000 is charged; and since 1861, an aggregate amount of £29,674 has been expended on that institution. On the Galleries of Art at Edinburgh, £30,000 has been spent; and the General Register House has cost £11,927.\* The Custom-house at Glasgow, under date of 1837, cost £14,800; and in 1839, for the Post-office of that city, £8000 was paid. We observe also that a little item of £800 has been paid for a cathedral window in the metropolis of Scottish industry. Aberdeen has received for its Post-office, £2000; for King's College, £6000; and for the university, £9232. Inverness ought to have a handsome bridge, £10,700 having been granted for its erection. At Dundee, the Custom-house has cost £8000. The good General Wade, whose name is blessed by all who cross the Grampians, has his successors in these days; they figure in the return before us as 'Commissioners of Highland Roads,' who, from 1854 to 1861, dis-

\* This must be for an addition to the buildings. Strange to say, the General Register House of Scotland, while a most beneficial institution, is *self-supporting*. It records all wills, sales of land, mortgages, &c., and the fees paid by the public for occasional resort to the knowledge which it can give, are sufficient to pay the salaries of the officials. It is eminently one of those institutions in which the one section of the island would do well to imitate the other. The strength of the solicitor interest in parliament is said to be the sole obstacle.—*Ed.*

pensed annually £5000. The Sheriff Court-houses have cost £16,000; and the Church of Scotland has been accommodated with a Hall for its General Assembly at the moderate price of £11,936. Thus, the two classes profanely associated in the chorus of the *Jolly Beggars* appear side by side in the state-account.

Let us turn from these provincial dotations to glance at the cost of those so-called 'national' institutions, of which the Great Metropolis enjoys the lion's share. Unquestionably, the British Museum must bear the palm among these for practical usefulness; for it, the account begins in 1835 with £39,796, rising in 1854 to £157,867, and last year declining to £90,541. If we assume £90,000 as an average, it will give for the twenty-nine years an aggregate amount of £2,710,000 which has been expended upon the noble establishment in Great Russell Street. This sum evidently includes the standing charges for clerks and officials, as well as the total outlay for the buildings, the library, and specimens. Since 1835, the National Gallery has been a continuous though varying expense: in that year, the sum was £12,000; the year after, £31,112; in 1857, it was £23,165; and for last year, the figures are £16,028. Besides these sums, we find charged, in 1860 and 1862, for 'increased accommodation,' a total of £16,705. The 'British Historical Portrait Gallery,' in the five years 1856—1860, enjoyed an annual income of £2000; and in the three years since, an aggregate of £4500 has been paid to it.\*

Grants for statuary are scattered through three or four of the divisions of this return. Seeing that Trafalgar Square is a sort of grand stand for the effigies of the departed great, it may be mentioned, in passing, that on the Square itself the sum of £31,600 has been spent. The Nelson Column has, since 1858, been honoured with an aggregate of grants amounting to £26,800. In 1854, the statue of Charles I, at Charing Cross, cost £1000; in the same year, £2500 was granted for royal monuments in Westminster Abbey. In 1842, an equestrian statue of George IV. is entered for £301; and we find the pedestal of Baron Marochetti's Richard Cœur-de-Lion cost £1650. In the three years 1843—45, a total of £4500 was paid for monuments to Lords Exmouth and De Saumarez, and Sir Sidney Smith. This grant is humorously placed under the head of 'Education, Science, and Art.' In 1858, £20,000 was voted for a statue of the Duke of Wellington; the Havelock statue at Woolwich is charged at £2152; and on the now lonely shore of Scutari a noble monument has been placed, which is said to have cost £17,500. For Sir John Franklin,

\* The three above institutions might be more costly, and yet not grudged by the nation. Administrators of the national funds seem to act as if such expenses were classed by the people with those for ill-shaped war-vessels, and the support of undeserving pensioners. There could not be a greater mistake. The salaries at the British Museum are all below the proper level, and might be raised without creating dissatisfaction anywhere. In fact, as matters at present stand, the country is in a mean position towards the officials of that institution, many of whom are men of high acquirements in their respective departments. We may be said to allow them half-salaries in money, letting them pay themselves the rest by the gratification they have in working at what their tastes and enthusiasm make an enjoyment to them.—*Ed.*

statue has been raised, which in 1855 cost the modest sum of £800, and again in 1863 a similar amount. Under the former date, we find the prize of £10,000 paid to Captain McClure as the discoverer of the North-west Passage; and in 1863, £7000 more was given to other arctic voyagers. We have reserved, wherewith to close our list of statuary outlay, the £50,000 voted last year for the Memorial of the late Prince-consort. That sum, together with the larger amount given by private liberality, will provide sufficient for a monument worthy of the 'blameless Prince.'

In the class of 'Special and Temporary Objects' —from which many of the above items are selected—there appears a most heterogeneous assemblage of expenses. Amongst these, 'expeditions' occur, perhaps, the most frequently. The Zambezi expedition of Dr Livingstone in 1860 cost £5000; but this is a trifle compared with the outlay on explorations of the formerly mysterious river Niger. These cost, in the three years 1840—41, £101,237; in 1857, £19,325; and then again in the five years 1859—63, an aggregate sum of £34,000 more. We observe, as a curious item in the list, the 'Fiji Islands Inquiry,' which is charged £3420. That sum was paid in order that we might not be inconvenienced by the fealty of those cannibal islands. They had petitioned to be enrolled under the banner of our Queen, whose fame had reached their distant councils. The inquiry was undertaken in order to ascertain if those gems of the sea were worthy to deck the British crown; but the report proved unfavourable to the request of the poor Fijians. In this list we also read the prosaic conclusion of the once romantic story of Pitcairn's Island. What reminiscences of boyish delight does not that name call up! How the youths of thirty years ago were charmed with the recital of the 'Mutiny of the Bounty'—the ocean-voyage of the captain and the faithful portion of his crew—and, above all, by the history of the mariner, Patriarch Adams, around whom in that secluded island had grown up a community speaking the English tongue, but who were for twenty years unknown to the English people. Saxon blood, however, overcame the wilder tendencies of the savage race; the islanders became not only too numerous for the little territory, but chafed against that isolation which their fathers so eagerly sought. Since 1857, they have been removed to Norfolk Island, and the expense of this removal has amounted to £8640.

Thirty-two items go to form the class of 'Education, Science, and Art' in this return. Many of them have already been named, and several others have no more connection with education than they have with victualling the navy. 'Public Education in Great Britain' for last year is charged £804,002, and in Ireland, £306,016. These sums, however, are only for the elementary education in national and British schools; there is, besides, the Department of Science and Art, which includes the Schools of Design; this item in 1863 cost £122,853. The 'universities, &c.' of Scotland, last year, received £19,905, and the London University, £5500. The professors at Oxford figure in this list until 1854, and those of Cambridge till 1858; up to the former date the amount was £2006, and afterwards, £1053. The palm-house at Kew comes fairly enough under this class; that elegant

erection has cost, since 1845, an aggregate sum of £30,410.

Some other of the 'special and temporary objects' are very important ones, and expensive in proportion. The Submarine Telegraph has received the generous support of the government since 1857. In that year, £135,000 was advanced for the Gibraltar cable; in the year following, by some process—financial rather than mechanical, we presume—it became the cable for Rangoon and Singapore, with an additional vote of £87,000. In addition to these sums, there has been paid for cables and in subsidies thereto an aggregate amount of £118,934. Those fortifications at Corfu, which the Ionians seem determined to keep intact if they can, cost us, in 1857, the round sum of £10,000.

There are in this return many grants as to the propriety of which it would be hopeless for those of us who are outside the circle to form an opinion. We refer chiefly to the multifarious variety of 'compensations and contributions:' amongst these figure 'American owners of slaves,' 'Danish claims,' 'Hand-loom weavers,' 'Distressed emigrants,' besides individuals of various nations and every rank. A neat little sum of £25,000 was voted in 1854 to make good defalcations of the registrar in the High Court of Admiralty. In 1846 was given £50,000 for the relief of sufferers by fires at Quebec and at St John's, Newfoundland. Some charges in this return recur with a regularity for which it is not easy to account—why, for instance, should the 'Secret Service' expenses be exactly £39,000 per annum up to 1849, and always £32,000 since 1851? Into these mysteries, we need not pry; but it is interesting for us to know that the 'patent for perforating postage-stamps' cost the state £4000. That was in 1853; thirteen years before, £7000 had been paid for 'Foudrinier's paper-machinery'; that, we presume, being the apparatus for manufacturing the post-office envelopes, which are now only used by very tidy people.

Many of the heavier items in this return remind one of events and national troubles which in their time filled the nation's heart with excitement or apprehension. Let them rest! Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof; we have our Lancashire distress, and our little wars in New Zealand and Japan. In due time, these will also figure in a return similar to the one before us. Let us trust that in the future, as hitherto, the national power and resources will more than suffice for all the necessities of this great empire.

#### LOST SIR MASSINGBERD.

##### CHAPTER XVIII.—HARLEY STREET.

WHILE I was thus passing my time at Fairburn, at work with my tutor, in rides rendered doubly lonesome by contrast with those made so enjoyable by the company of my friend, or in rambles about the solitary Chase, the course of true love was running more smoothly in Harley Street than it is fabled to do. During each of my visits there, I had perceived its silent increase even more clearly than those between whom it was growing up into the perfect flower, leaf by leaf, and bud by bud; they had tended it together—Marmaduke and Lucy—until it was well-nigh in blossom, and yet they had not said to one another, and perhaps not

even to themselves: 'Why, this is surely Love.' Mr Gerard had watched it, not displeased, for he had found the young man all that my heart had foretold that he would; Mr Clint had seen it, and won by the strong sense as much as by the beauty of the gentle girl, forgot the revolutionary stock of which she came. This, thought he, is the Wife for Marmaduke Heath; tender, but yet determined; dutiful, but indisposed to submit to unauthorised dictation; as fearless as kind. In her, once wedded to this young man, so morbid, so sensitive, so yielding, Sir Massingberd would find, if it should be necessary, not only a foe, resolute herself, but as firm as steel for him whom she had dowered with her love. What Marmaduke's nature wanted, hers would supply. The keen lawyer foresaw for that unhappy family, whose interests he and his had had in keeping so many score of years, a future such as had never been promised before. It was an admission painful enough to me at that time, but which I could not conceal from myself, that the real obstacle which prevented the open recognition of attachment between these two young people was Marmaduke himself. No girl more modest or less forward than Lucy Gerard ever breathed, but I knew—ah, how well I knew!—that a word from him would have brought the love-light to her eyes, which now lay waiting but for it in the careful keeping of her maiden heart. But that word had not been spoken. Perfect love, Marmaduke did not yet feel, for he had not yet cast out fear. How can a man offer heart and hand to a woman whom he does not feel certain that he can protect? It is for this reason that marriage among slaves must for ever be a mockery. There was, of course, no danger to Lucy Gerard in her marrying with Marmaduke, although his uncle should storm 'no' a thousand times; but the young man felt that he was unworthy of her, while he entertained any terror of him. It was wearing away; it was weakening day by day, through genial influences, and the absence of all things which reminded him of Fairburn and its master, but it was not dead yet. If, by these words, I lead any of my readers to suppose that Marmaduke Heath had the least resemblance to that thing which is called a Coward, I have done my friend a grievous wrong. Let me do away with the possibility of this most mistaken notion, at once and for ever, by the recital of an event which, although it does not come within the scope of the present narrative, nearly concerns one of its most important characters.

After the peace in 1815, there were more officers—English and French—killed in single combat in Paris than in any one of the most bloody battles of the late war. This desire to exterminate individual Englishmen extended over the whole of France. A certain gentleman of my acquaintance, then a very young man, chanced to be passing through a town in Normandy, where an assemblage was collected outside the office of the mayor. This arose from the very uncommon circumstance, that that functionary had been appealed to by a post-captain in the English navy to punish a bullying Frenchman, who had striven to fasten a quarrel upon him, although entirely unprovoked on his part. Now a days, the captain would have been held to have behaved rightly enough, perhaps, but in those fire-eating times, an honest man's life was at the mercy

of every worthless ruffian who chose to run an equal risk with him from powder and bullet. The decision, wonderful to relate, was given by the mayor against his compatriot, and the crowd were correspondingly enraged. My friend, whose nationality was apparent, was hustled and ill-treated, and one person, well dressed, and evidently of good position, knocked his hat off, observing at the same time : ' You will complain of me to the mayor for that.'

' Certainly not,' returned the young Englishman quietly, picking his hat up, all broken and muddy from the trampled ground ; ' I shall treat you very differently.'

' You will fight, will you ? Come—I challenge you. Let us fight to-morrow morning,' exclaimed the bully, who was, as it turned out, a notorious provincial duellist.

' Not to-morrow, but now,' rejoined my friend ; ' I have no time to wait here ; for I must be in Paris on Tuesday.'

' Then it will be in *Père la Chaise*, ' responded the other brutally.

There was no difficulty in procuring seconds, which were even more plentiful in those parts than principals, and the whole party immediately left the town for a wood outside its suburbs. The choice of weapons of course lay with the Englishman.

' Which do you prefer,' asked the Frenchman who acted as his friend upon the occasion—' the pistol or the sword ?'

' I have never fired a pistol in my life,' replied the Englishman, ' nor handled a sword.'

' Heavens ! ' cried his second, ' what a barbarous education, what a stupendous ignorance ! You are as good as dead, I fear. I know not which to recommend you. It is, however, at least sooner over with the pistol.'

' The pistol be it then,' said the Englishman coolly. ' I elect that only one shall be loaded ; and that we fire within four paces of one another. We shall then have an equal chance.'

The duellist turned pale as the death that threatened him, but he did not venture to make any objection. It was manifest no other proposal would have been fair. The seconds went apart, and placed powder and ball in one weapon, powder only in the other. The combatants drew lots for choice. The Frenchman won. The pistols were lying on a log of wood ; he advanced towards them, took one up in his hand, and retired with it, then once more came back, and exchanged it for the other. He fancied that the weapon was lighter than it should have been if it had a ball within it. My friend's second objected strongly to this course ; he called it even unfair and shameful ; he protested that the pistol taken first ought to be retained. But the young Englishman, who was leaning carelessly against a tree, exclaimed : ' Let the gentleman have which he likes. Whether he is right or not will be decided in a few seconds.' So the combatants were placed opposite to one another, and advanced to within four paces. They raised their weapons ; the word was given to fire, and the Frenchman fell, pierced through the heart.

' His blood is upon his own head,' exclaimed the other solemnly. ' He was brave enough to have been a better man.' Then perceiving that his help could be of no avail to his late antagonist, he lifted his battered hat to the Frenchman that

remained alive, and returning to his carriage, immediately resumed his journey.

It is not possible, without putting some very strained and unusual meaning on the word, to call the hero of such an adventure a coward ; yet the man who acted thus was Marmaduke Heath.

The above relation is but a clumsy method of proving him courageous. I am well aware ; but I really know not otherwise how to make him appear so, slave, as it is seen he was, to terrors which must seem almost imaginary. It is said that no man, however fearless, quite gets over his awe of his schoolmaster. An exaggeration of this sentiment probably possessed this unfortunate young man ; added to which was the fact that Sir Massingberd was his uncle, a family tie which was doubtless not without its influence, notwithstanding Marmaduke's evil opinion of his forbears. I suspect, too, he entertained a morbid notion that his own life and that of his relative were somehow bound up together in one ; and on the few occasions when I ever saw him moved to wrath, a similarity, mental as well as physical, between him and his uncle became apparent, which actually inspired him with a sort of awe and hatred of *himself*. A noble mind more injured and misshapen by ill-training it was impossible to imagine. For the last few months, however, as I have said, it had been growing aright, and gaining strength and vigour. No home—even Mr Clint and my tutor felt that—could possibly be better adapted for him than his present one ; the society of Mr Gerard, a man independent almost to audacity, and despising the haughty and the strong with a supreme contempt, was the very tonic he needed. Rarely, however, was his uncle's name mentioned in his presence : at first, Mr Gerard had purposely spoken of Sir Massingberd lightly and jestingly, but it was found that the subject had better be altogether avoided. It is ill to jest upon earthquakes with one who, having but just recovered from certain shocks of a volcanic nature, is not without apprehensions of more to come. This anticipation turned out to be but too well grounded. A day or two after my discovery of the baronet's poor gipsy-wife at Fairburn, whose existence was well known, I found, to both the rector and Mr Clint, and of course to Marmaduke himself, the postman carried misfortune from me to Harley Street, although I was myself as unconscious of the fact as he. Marmaduke did not come in to luncheon from his study as usual, and Mr Gerard was sent with a gay message to him by Lucy, to bid him do so. He was not wanted, he was to be assured, upon his own account, at all, but she was dying to hear news of Peter, whose handwriting she had perceived upon the letter that had been sent into him that morning. Mr Gerard found the poor lad with his eyes riveted upon an autograph that was not mine, and upon words that I would rather have cut off my hand than knowingly have sent him :

' NEPHEW MARMADUKE—I am told, whether falsely or not, it does not matter now, that you have not seen the letter which I previously sent to you. I think you can scarcely have done so, or you would not have dared to disobey my orders therein contained, but would have returned to Fairburn long ago. At all events, you will read *this* with your own eyes, and Beware how you hesitate to comply with it. *Return hither, sir, at once.* It is idle to suppose that I wish you

harm, as those you are with would fain persuade you ; but it is far worse than idle to attempt to cross my will. Come back to Fairburn, and I will behave towards you as though you had not acted in your late undutiful manner. Delay to do so, and be sure that you will still have to return, but under very different circumstances. Marmaduke Heath, you should know me well by this time. When I say Come, it is bad for the person to whom I speak to reply "I will not come." I give you twenty-four hours to arrive here after the receipt of this letter ; when these have elapsed without my seeing you, I shall consider your absence to be equivalent to a contumacious refusal. Then war will begin between us ; and the strife will be unequal, Nephew Marmaduke ; although you had fifty men at your back like Lawyer Clint and this man Gerard, they could not keep you from my arm. It will reach you wheresoever you are, at the time you least suspect it, and from the quarter to which you have least looked. However well it may seem to be with you, it will not be well. When you think yourself safest, you will be most in danger. There is indeed but one place of safety for you ; come you home.

MASSINGBERD HEATH.

The wily baronet had fooled me, and doubtless, when I rose to light the taper, had substituted the above letter for that which he had persuaded me to enclose to his unhappy nephew.

#### CHAPTER XIX.—BEFORE THE BLOW.

As yet in ignorance of the mischief which I had unwittingly done to my dearest friend, I could not but wonder why I received no news from Harley Street. I had confessed to Mr Long what Sir Massingberd had persuaded me to do, and although he had thought me wrong to have acted without consulting him in the matter, he anticipated no evil consequences. He rather sought to laugh me out of my own forebodings and presentiments. Still there was this somewhat suspicious corroboration of them, that the new-born courtesies of our formidable neighbour had suddenly ceased, as though the end for which they had been used was already attained. The baronet's manner towards us was as surly as ever, and even a trifle more so, as if to recompense himself for his previous constrained politeness. To myself, his manner was precisely that of a man who does not attempt to conceal his contempt for one whom he has duped. Since Marmaduke's departure, there had gone forth various decrees, injunctions, and what not, from the Court of Chancery, obtained, doubtless, through Mr Clint, on behalf of the heir-presumptive, against certain practices of Sir Massingberd connected with the estate. Formerly, he had done what he chose, not only with "his own," but with what was not his own, in the eye of the law. But Marmaduke's reversionary rights were now strictly protected. Not a tree in the Park could fall beneath the axe, but the noise thereof reached the Chancellor's ears, and brought down reproof, and even threats, upon the incensed baronet. His hesitation to institute proceedings for the recovery of his ward, had given confidence to his opponents ; and Mr Harvey Gerard was not one to suffer the least wrong to be committed with impunity ; it was out of his pocket that the expenses came for the edicts necessary to enforce compliance, and I have heard him say that he never remembered to have spent any money with greater personal satisfaction.

This 'thinning the timber' (as Sir Massingberd euphoniously termed cutting down the most ornamental trees, in his excusatory dispatches), having been put a stop to, the Squire took to selling the family plate. A quantity of ancient silver, with the astonished Griffins upon it, was transferred from the custody of Gilmore to that of certain transmutes of metal in town, and came back again to Fairburn Hall in the shape of gold pieces. But even the melting-pot was compelled to disclose its secrets ; and the Squire received such a severe reprimand upon the text of Heir-looms, as made him writhe with passion, and which put an end to any friendly connection that might have before existed between himself and John, Lord Eldon, at once and for ever. I think it must have been immediately after the receipt of that very communication, that Sir Massingberd came over to the Rectory upon the following errand : Mr Long and myself were at our Tacitus in the study one evening, when the baronet was announced, and I rose to leave the room. 'Stay where you are, young gentleman,' said he roughly ; 'what I have to say will, it is like enough, soon be no secret to anybody. Mr Long, I must tell you at once that money I must have. The way in which my property is meddled with by the lawyer in London, set on to do it by friends of yours, too, is beyond all bearing. I declare to you that I—Sir Massingberd Heath, the nominal owner of twenty thousand acres, and of a rent-roll of half as many thousand pounds—have not five guineas in my pocket at this moment, nor do I know how to raise them. Now, am I a man, think you, to sit down with my hands before me, and submit to such a state of things as this ?'

'Really, Sir Massingberd, I cannot say,' returned my tutor ; 'I cannot see how I can help you in any way.'

'Yes, you can help me, sir. You have influence with those persons—curse them!—who have taken it in hand to do me these injuries, who have interfered between uncle and nephew, between guardian and ward. Now, I have made up my mind what I will do, and I am come here to let you know it. You pretend to entertain some regard towards your late pupil Marmaduke.'

'The regard is genuine, Sir Massingberd. I wish others entertained the like, who are more nearly connected with him than by the bond of pupil and tutor.'

'Pray, put me out of the question,' returned the baronet coolly. 'What I have to say concerns others, not myself. You like this lad, and wish him well ; you hope for him an unclouded future ; you trust that the character of the family will be redeemed in his virtuous hands, and that the remembrance of what it has been will not cleave to him, but will gradually die out.'

'That is my earnest desire,' replied Mr Long gravely.

'I am glad to hear it,' continued the other ; 'and I suppose Mr Clint cherishes some similar notion ; and this man Gerard—this rebel, this hypocrite !—'

'Sir Massingberd Heath,' said I, interrupting him, 'you have bidden me stay here ; but I shall not remain to listen to slanders against Mr Harvey Gerard ; he is no hypocrite, but a very honest and kind-hearted man.'

'He has hoodwinked this young wiseacre already,

you see,' pursued the baronet. 'His object is evidently to secure the heir of Fairburn for his daughter; I have not the least doubt the jade is making play with the poor molly-coddle as fast as—'

Mr Long and myself both rose before the speaker could finish his sentence. My tutor checked with his finger the wrathful words that were at my lips, and observed with energy: 'Sir Massingberd, be silent! Under my roof, you shall not traduce that virtuous and excellent young girl.'

I never saw Mr Long so excited; I never admired him so much. The baronet paused, as though hesitating whether it was worth while to indulge himself in uttering insults; I am thankful to say he decided that it was not. It would have been pollution to Lucy Gerard's name to have heard it spoken by such lips.

'Well, well,' returned he, 'I have nothing to say against the young woman. It is probable, however, you will allow, that some attachment may arise between herself and my nephew. You grant that, do you? Ah, I thought so. In that case, Mr Gerard would prefer the husband of his daughter to be free from all stain. Good! There are three persons then, at least, all interested in my nephew's good name. Now, listen: you know something, parson, of the mode of life pursued by the Heaths from generation to generation; you know something of the deeds that have been committed at Fairburn Hall. What is known, however, is honourable and harmless compared to what is *not* known; the vices which you have shuddered at are mere follies—the offspring of idleness and high spirits, compared to those of which you have yet to hear.'

It is impossible to imagine a more repulsive spectacle than this man presented, exulting not only in his own wickedness, but in that of his forefathers. He took from his pocket a huge manuscript, and thus proceeded: 'The records of the House of Heath are red with blood, and black with crime. I hold them in my hand here, and they are very pretty reading. Now, look you, I will leave them here for your perusal, parson—they have at least this attraction in them, that they are true—and when you have made yourself master of the contents, perhaps you can recommend to me a publisher.'

'Is it possible,' cried my tutor, 'that you can do this dreadful wrong, at once to ancestors and descendant? Have you no mercy even for kith and kin? Do you dare to defy God and Man alike?'

'I dare publish that pamphlet, unless I have money,' quoth Sir Massingberd scornfully, 'and that is the sole question with which we need now concern ourselves. A pretty welcome young Sir Marmaduke will meet with when he comes into the country among all who know his family history. As for me, my character is one which is not likely to suffer from any disclosure.'

'Are all the murders done and attempted set down here, Sir Massingberd?' inquired my tutor, taking up the pamphlet. 'The catalogue of crime is truly frightful; but you do not seem to have brought the narrative down to the most recent dates.'

'The most recent dates?' reiterated the baronet mechanically.

'Yes, sir,' responded my tutor; 'the history is

evidently incomplete. If it should come out in its present form, it would need an appendix. I would scarcely recommend you to run the risk of another person publishing a continuation. You had better take it home, and reconsider the matter.'

The baronet affected to receive this advice in earnest, and retired, foiled and furious.\* He never more set foot in the Rectory, save twice; once when he called upon me, and persuaded me to forward that hateful letter to Marmaduke, and again upon the occasion I am about to describe. The errand then he came upon was of small consequence, but the circumstance I shall never forget. After-events have made it one of the most memorable in my life, for it was the last time—save One—that I ever beheld Massingberd Heath. Little did I think what a mystery was then impending—so frightful, so unexampled, that it now seems almost strange that it did not visibly overshadow that giant form, that ruthless face. If we could thus read the future of others, how fearful would be many a meeting which is now so conventional and commonplace! It is true that we should always part, both from friends and from enemies, in some sort as though we were parting with them for the last time; but how different a leave-taking would it be, if we were indeed assured that they and we would meet no more upon this side the grave! How I should have devoured that man with mine eyes, had I known that they would not again behold him—save one awful Once—before we should both stand together in the presence of God! What terrors, what anxieties, what enigmas were about to be brought to us and to others by the morrow's sun! Yet, at the time, with what little things we occupied ourselves! It was in the morning that Sir Massingberd paid his visit, in a morning of early November, when the first sharp frost had just set in. He came about money-matters, as usual. We were surprised to see him, because, as I have said, he had relapsed into his accustomed stern unsociable habits, and had seemed to have given up all attempts to gain any furtherance of his plans from Mr Long. He had called, he said, about a matter that affected the parson himself, or he would not have troubled him. Certain Methodists had offered him twenty pounds a year as the ground-rent of a chapel to be built upon the outskirts of the Park, and within view of the Rectory windows. For his part, he hated the Methodists; and had no sort of wish to offend Mr Long by granting their prayer. Still, being grievously in want of money, he had come to say that if Mr Clint could not be induced to give him some pecuniary help, that the chapel must be built.

My tutor, who had a very orthodox abhorrence of all dissent, and especially when it threatened his own parish, was exceedingly disturbed by this intelligence.

'What!' cried he; 'you preach to your nephew doctrines of Conservatism, Sir Massingberd, and yet are induced, for a wretched bribe, to let a nest of sectaries be built in the very avenue of your Park!'

'It is terrible indeed,' quoth the baronet drily;

\* Years afterwards, I became possessed of the pamphlet in question, which, having glanced at, I very carefully committed to the flames. I do not doubt, however, that Sir Massingberd would have carried his threat into execution, had not Mr Long's menace shaken his purpose.

'but they might set it up opposite my front door for an extra five-pound note. I announce their offer solely on your account. They call on me to-morrow for my final decision, and I cannot afford to say "No." Now, you can do what you please with Mr Clint, and may surely represent to him that this is a case where twenty pounds may be well expended. The matter will thus be staved off for a year at least; and next year, you know, I may be in better circumstances—or dead, which many persons would greatly prefer.'

'Certainly,' returned my tutor gravely, 'I will do my best with Mr Clint; but in the meantime, rather than let this chapel be built, I will advance the money you mention at my own risk. I happen to have a considerable sum in the house at present, which I intended to lodge with the bank at Crittenden to-morrow. So you shall have the notes at once.'

'That is very fortunate,' said the baronet coolly; and Mr Long counted them out into his hand—twenty ragged, dirty, evil-smelling one-pound notes, for the imitation of the like of which half-a-dozen men were at that time often strung up in front of the Old Bailey together. From 82,961 to 82,980 the numbers ran, which, albeit I am no great hand at recollecting such things, I shall remember from what followed as long as I live. I can see the grim Squire now as he rolls them tightly up, and places them in that huge, lapelled waistcoat-pocket; as he slaps it with his mighty hand, as though he would defy the world to take them from him, however unlawfully acquired; as he leaves the room with an insolent nod, and clangs across the iron road with his nailed shoes.

I watch him through the Rectory window, as ere he puts the key in his garden-door, he casts a chance look-up at the sky. He looks to see what will happen on the morrow. Does he read nothing save Continuance of Fine and Frosty Weather? Nothing. All is blue and clear as steel; not a cloud to be seen the size of a man's hand from north to south, from east to west. There is no warning to be read in the cold and smiling heaven; no '*Mene, mene*' for this worse than Belshazzar on its broad cerulean wall!

#### THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE lecture with which Mr W. R. Grove opened the session of the Royal Institution was alike worthy of the place and the lecturer. Mr Grove is so practised a speaker, so fluent, so clear in his definitions, so fertile in illustration, and so suggestive of philosophical views, that to hear him deliver a lecture is a rare intellectual treat. In the title of the lecture, 'Boiling Water,' there did not appear to be much promise of interest; but Mr Grove shewed that in its bearings on chemical and mechanical science, and its relations to cosmical science, it is a subject which, in proper hands, would, perhaps more than any other, yield results of the highest importance. He astonished his audience at the outset by telling them that there never had been such a thing as boiling water, and never would be; and he shewed reflected on a screen by the electric light, that what is called boiling, is, in fact, the driving out of air from the

water by the application of heat. Expel all the air from water, and it will no longer boil in the ordinary sense; and if it were possible to operate on water not contained in a vessel, it might be heated to an intense temperature—more than 300 degrees—without altering its form. And we are not to forget that the hard nature of the vessel in which water is boiled may have as much to do with the boiling as the other elements in the operation. Then comes the question of constituent gases, and that apparently indestructible bubble of gas, 'that everlasting bubble,' as Mr Grove calls it, which remains at the bottom of every experiment, whatever be the liquid operated on. Perhaps among our chemists there may be one who will take up the subject of boiling water as a special research. Wide as the use of steam is at the present day, he could hardly fail to make some discovery which engine-builders would turn to use and profit. We should rejoice in common with many others, were Mr Grove himself to undertake the inquiry; but unfortunately for science, he is a Q.C., and wholly taken up with law.

Astronomers have been kept on the alert by the appearance of a comet, which may be one that has a period of fifty-three years, and was last seen in 1810, or may be a stranger. It was nearest to the sun—18,000,000 miles—at the beginning of the present month.—At the Astronomical Society, the sun itself has been a subject of discussion: the best observers cannot agree as to the so-called 'willow leaves,' or peculiar appearances visible on the solar photosphere. Some there are who think that those appearances denote some kind of organism, that is, a form of life, which opens a new, or at least revives a very old doctrine as to the vital functions of the sun.—In another branch of solar science, a valuable contribution has been made by Mr R. C. Carrington, who has just published a large quarto book, *Observations on the Spots on the Sun*, from 1852 to 1861, illustrated by 166 plates. In the plates, the spots are carefully figured as they appeared during the eight years of observation, and their arrangement is such that any competent mind may use them in tracing out and studying the periodical times of solar spots. Mr Carrington expresses an opinion that there is some connection between the attraction of Jupiter and the greater or lesser occurrence of spots on the sun.

Again, the Registrar-general's returns shew that a falling thermometer indicates a rising death-rate. In the metropolitan districts, during the second week of January, 2427 persons died, being 877 more than the average. Strong argument this in favour of warmth; but let those who study the question remember that the summer of last year, though warm enough to produce an abounding harvest, was not particularly favourable to health.—A French M.D. has read a paper before the Medical Society at Paris, in which he endeavours to prove that a certain class of diseases may be prevented or cured by an increase of atmospheric pressure. Patients afflicted with asthma and other affections of the respiratory organs, are to be shut into a small close chamber, to which a gauge and safety-valve are fitted, and air is then to be driven in by a force-pump to any required pressure up to two and a half atmospheres. By this means, there is, of course, a larger quantity of oxygen breathed by the patient, and this is the active remedial agent. We are not informed whether this method

has yet been tried in a number of cases; and without a large number of results, no fair conclusion can be drawn. But to some extent experience may be cited in its favour; for it has long been known that asthmatic miners prefer to work in the coal-mine at Monk-Wearmouth, the deepest in England, because the air at the bottom containing a larger amount of oxygen, in consequence of its greater density, enables them to breathe freely.—For patients who require an African climate during the winter, there is good news from Egypt. Steamers that accommodate fifty passengers now start from Cairo for a month's trip up the Nile. The cabins are described as airy, and the dining-room is on deck, an arrangement which those who have dined on the deck of a Rhine steamer will know how to appreciate. The charge for first-class passengers is about £1 a day. If for this sum cleanliness can be secured, and freedom from the insect tribes which infest the sailing-boats, a trip up the Nile will be rendered more enjoyable for invalids than ever before.—There is good news also for travellers who may have to touch or tarry at Suez; the canal cut by the French Company now delivers the fresh water of the Nile to that scorched and sweltering port. If there be a place in the world that needs a constant supply, it is that.

In some of the French journals, there are accounts of a new kind of paper made of wood. But if wooden paper be new in France, it is not new here or in the United States, for in both countries specimens of paper have been exhibited manufactured from wood. When the manufacture succeeds, we shall hear more about it.—We are glad to notice that Ireland is taking steps for a further development of its resources in the article of flax. So much has been written and printed on that subject, that there is nothing new to be said upon it; but there is a great deal to be done. And if the promoters, who have recently held a meeting at Limerick, will make use of the experience already acquired, they will derive a profit from many at present useless acres. As an example of the value of the article, we find in a trade report that, in the week ending January 9th, the sale of flax in Belfast amounted to 1080 tons, worth £75,000.—Another gratifying subject is, that from most parts of the kingdom we hear that salmon-breeders have taken pains to obtain ova, and thereby stock the rivers with fish. It will be interesting to observe whether the great plenty of salmon and other fish, which is said to have prevailed in our streams in former times, can be restored amid our present overcrowding and civilisation.

The great railway bridge at Charing Cross is scarcely opened, when we are told that the railway bridge at Blackfriars, which seems little more than begun, is to be ready for the passage of trains by next June. Even in these days of engineering surprises, the rapid construction of this bridge is something to wonder at.—Then turning to Kensington, where the International building is disappearing, we hear talk of new museums to be built in its place; and again, the question is revived as to whether the natural history collections shall be removed from the British Museum. Another question, that of the National Gallery, is to be settled, if the House of Commons will give consent, by the erection of a handsome building fit for the purpose on the large plot of ground at the rear of Burlington House.

The much-talked of three hundredth anniversary of Shakespeare's birthday is approaching, but the question as to how it shall be celebrated is not yet settled. Why should not every town or village that sympathises with the motive, hold a celebration in its own way? Why should there be uniformity in the homage to be rendered to him who is so often described as a many-sided poet? Some people will think the best way of doing honour to the occasion will be to buy a copy of Shakespeare's works.—A new review has been started for the special purpose of presenting a record of the progress of science. Judging from the first number, *The Quarterly Journal of Science* will keep its readers well informed of what savans and philosophers are doing in all parts of the world, and of the proceedings of scientific societies in Great Britain.—The Geographical Society have received news of a vague rumour which had reached the Cape of the death of Dr Livingstone. He is said to have been murdered by the natives. We trust that this painful rumour may not be confirmed, and that the earnest-minded traveller, whose recall has been announced, will once more appear among his friends in England.—Letters from Dr Baikie announce that he has made further additions to the geography of the countries far up the Niger, has discovered some traces of Dr Vogel, and obtained the papers of Corporal Maguire, which are described as of importance to geographers. Writing last from Kano, the doctor says: 'I every day enjoy nothing less than bread and butter for breakfast, wheat-rolls being daily hawked about or sold in the market, while fresh butter is a daily article. It is the nearest approach to home that I have had for a long time. This country (Kano) is the finest and best cultivated I have seen.' Students in search of information on the British possessions in Africa, may find it in *The Geography of the British Empire*, an interesting volume from the pen of Mrs Bray.

The question of iron shipping has been so much discussed of late, that a few particulars as to its progress and merits will prove interesting to non-professional readers. In a paper by Mr J. Vernon of Liverpool, read at the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, we find that the number of iron sailing-ships and steamers built and registered in the United Kingdom in 1851 was 55, comprising a tonnage of 15,826 tons; in 1862, the number was 219, and the tonnage 106,497 tons. Compared with timber-built vessels, this shews a remarkable increase in the use of iron, from which we may infer that the conviction as to the superiority of the latter grows every year stronger. Iron offers greater strength than wood, greater durability, and less cost, larger carrying capability as a ship, greater facility of construction, and a more certain supply of the material. Compared with timber, the cost of an iron ship is 14 per cent. less. A 1200 ton timber ship, with rigging and outfit complete, weighs 1080 tons; an iron ship of the same tonnage weighs 900 tons. The internal capacity of the timber ship is 93,343 cubic feet, equal to 933 tons, at 100 feet per ton. The iron ship, on the contrary, because of the reduced thickness of the sides and bottom of the hull, has a capacity of 1108 tons. Then, as to facility of construction; when we remember that iron can be fashioned into the exact shapes and sizes required, and used at once, while wood must be grown, sawn, and kept

a long time to season, the economy of iron over wood becomes strikingly apparent.

Some of the iron steamers now employed in the coal-trade have the further advantage over wood, that they can take in water as ballast. In this trade, the vessels commonly get no return-freight, and must consequently go through the tedious and laborious operation of taking in and throwing out ballast. The iron collier has a water-tight chamber constructed beneath her hold, and after discharging her cargo of coal, the sea-cocks are opened, the water rushes in, fills the chamber, and so ballasts the vessel without effort. On return to the coal-port, the water is either pumped out, or if the vessel can be laid dry at low tide, is let to run out of itself. A steamer carrying 700 tons of coal, has space for 170 tons of water-ballast.

In the construction of flat-bottomed boats for river-navigation, iron is especially useful. In this form it has been turned to good account in the exploration and navigation of rivers in Africa, America, and India. On the Indus, floating steam-trains have been introduced, having a paddle-wheel steamer foremost, with a round stern, which fits into the concave bow of the barge behind it. To this are attached other barges, making in all a length of 640 feet. Large quantities of merchandise are thus transported by one steamer; but owing to the frequent windings of the stream, there appears to be some difficulty in steering.

Mr Bessemer argues in favour of steel. He shews that the hull of H.M.S. *Minotaur*, constructed of wood and iron, weighs 6000 tons; the armour weighs nearly 2000 tons more. But if steel had been used for the ribs, the weight of the hull would not have been more than 4000 tons, which would have allowed of the use of armour-plates nine inches thick, without rendering the armed vessel heavier than the ship above named, with her plates of four and a half inches thick. On the question of guns, which is also an important one, Mr Bessemer states that he can produce a block of steel, twenty tons' weight, from fluid cast iron in twenty minutes. In this there would be no weld or joint; but it is not yet proved that a gun fashioned from such a block would be stronger than one built up by the coil process.

#### LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF LONDON LIFE. ON THE ICE.

MAY this 10th of January, wherupon the Home Correspondent begins this paper—upon which, for the first time for a fortnight, his stony fingers have been able to hold a pen—be henceforth a festival among readers; and yet not a white day, for the frost is gone, and, by comparison, a very summer has succeeded it. Ever since last year (or December 31), the Londoner has been obliged to restrict his washing within continental limits, for the water has not 'come in' at all. The turn-cock, who, in ordinary weather, is considered a useless functionary, something like an aquatic beadle, whose duties nobody understands, has of late become a person of importance. His deputy—for it is not to be supposed that so great a man would do any work himself—has been the cynosure of all neighbouring householders. When would his Eminence please to come and turn on the water from the main at the top of the street?

has been literally *the* great question of the day. It is understood that he will ring a bell in the public thoroughfare, to give notice when that ceremony takes place; but this he declines to do, and therefore our households are kept in a state of indescribable anxiety, and perhaps miss the favourable hour after all. The street-boys surround the unaccustomed fountains, and enjoy the spectacle; but our unfortunate cook, who is momentarily expecting the kitchen-boiler to burst for want of its native element, is unconscious of the supply until it is too late. Under these circumstances, hot water for the hands has become a wicked luxury, and scarcely to be procured even for necessities—such as toddy. If we have had no water, however, we have had plenty of gas, which has 'escaped' in all directions, and with such alacrity, that there has been none left at the jets. Dirt and darkness have therefore been the position of most people during the late 'glorious weather'; while in the case of those few persons who possess any scientific knowledge, there has been added to these disadvantages the well-grounded apprehension of being suddenly blown into the air. It has been said that the world may be divided into knaves, fools, and fox-hunters, in sly disparagement, as I conceive, of this last class of our fellow-creatures; but there is this to be asserted in their honour, that at least they never rejoice with the Thoughtless or Malignant upon the setting in of frost.

It has been my painful mission to make personal observation of the behaviour of the Londoners upon the ice, and I have fulfilled it conscientiously. Some Home Correspondents would have sat at home, knees and nose over the fire, and contented themselves with amplifying the details of 'The Weather and the Parks' in the *Times* newspaper; but though the Path of Duty—to which I have once before made some allusion—were a Slide over thin ice, I should not hesitate, I hope, to follow it to the bitter end.

Upon entering Kensington Gardens from the north-east in severe frost, the most striking peculiarity in the foreground is the mass of persons collected around Negretti and Zambra's huge thermometer. I imagine the British public believes that this instrument possesses the power of imparting heat; for they spread their hands in front of it, and speak of it with much the same sort of awe with which a Parsee might allude to the Sun. 'What do it say now, Bob?' inquired one unscientific fellow-countryman of another within my hearing.

'Don't know,' replied the friend appealed to; 'and what's more, I never do know. I thinks you must rattle him and tap him before you get him to say anything; and you see one can't do that, because he's caged up.'

'Ay, so he is,' assented the first speaker, rather approvingly, as if such an instrument might be dangerous if at large. 'And what's that other thing, Bob, with a nob of glass at the end of him?'

'Well, I don't know which is which,' responded Bob, with the tone of a man who has got some information to impart at last; 'but I can tell you this: one on 'em's a barometer, and the other's a thermometer. The difference between 'em is, I believe, scarcely worth naming, being about the same as between a crocodile and a halligator.'

I was setting down the heads of this conversation upon my way to the 'Long Water,' when I was

suddenly surrounded by four ruffians, armed with weapons tipped with iron.

'Try a pair o' skates, sir? 'Ave an hour on 'em? We've got a chair to sit down upon, and a nice little bit o' carpet. 'Ave an hour on 'em?'

Once in my life, I had been fool enough to put on skates, at the intercession of two of my brothers; they had insisted upon my taking more than an hour's exercise—which consisted of falling, at short intervals, upon the back of my head—and I had only induced them to take them off upon the most solemn asseverations that I had sprained my ankle, which was happily not the case. I remembered the adventure very vividly, and therefore declined the present invitation, which was renewed about a hundred times during the morning. The banks on both sides were lined with chairs and little bits of carpet—as though an attempt had been made to *furnish* the landscape—and fellows were waiting everywhere ready to thrust a gimlet into your heel for sixpence, or even half the money. I am sure I would gladly have patronised the poor men if I had dared; for their occupation was much more praiseworthy than that of perambulating the streets, as many did, singing 'We are all frozen out' in indescribably melancholy tones. I would also have dealt with the sellers of hot chestnuts had the state of my digestion permitted me so to do. Very comfortable they looked, with their little brasiers full of glowing coals; as also did the vendors of baked potatoes and 'clear coffee,' about whom there was a genial atmosphere that defied the depths of Fahrenheit.

It was pretty to see fathers with their boys, and even their dainty girls, in scarlet cloaks, all coming for skates, and being enticed by such cries as: 'You can all sit down at once, sir, here; we've chairs for four.' Then to see the family shod amid an admiring crowd, and the little ones conducted to the water's edge, like young ducks for their first swim, and last of all Paterfamilias, staggering down with 'a rough' upon each side of him, and 'clucking' to his giddy offspring to beware of dangerous places! The grown people, on the other hand, who were venturing upon skates for the first time, afforded a humiliating spectacle. Those who could boast of a couple of friends were attended by them, and truly they never needed friendly aid so much in their lives. They reminded the H. C. of an intoxicated person in charge of two humane policemen, or perhaps still more of a wild elephant between two very sagacious ones. The frantic desire which they evinced to dash themselves backwards; the sudden diversion of both legs in opposite directions; the expression of countenance, made up of agonised fear and a sense of overwhelming obligation, afforded a picture which might be gratifying to a gorilla, but made a man blush for his species. Sometimes a neophyte was lunatic enough to make his first essay alone, so far as personal friends were concerned, but not alone as to companions. Every street-boy on the Long Water proffered his services immediately. They encumbered him with aid as he tottered, like a swan upon dry land, to the level brink, and pretended to be pillars, as he lurched to this side and that, ere he came down headlong, and made his mark—a star—upon the cruel ice. How it came about that Hardicanute Fitztoppinge should have done such a thing in such a place, I know not, but I beheld him (myself

unseen) put his first skates on, with these eyes. It was early in the morning—about twelve—and perhaps he thought that nobody would be up at that hour who was anybody. O for a pond in some vast wilderness, and a boundless contiguity of shade, would have been *my* aspiration, before I ventured thus to exhibit myself; but 'Toppy' (as we call him at the club) had had the temerity to come to Kensington Gardens. As I watched him, a tottering imbecile, with his glorious apparel all stained and wetted with numerous tumbles, and grasping a ragged boy by either hand, as though they were his younger brothers, I could not help exclaiming suddenly: 'Hullo, Toppy, how is the ice?' He staggered for a second (but he had been doing *that* for the last twenty minutes), and then replied with a ghastly smile: 'Ah, there's nothing the matter with the ice that I know of—except that it is uncommon hard.'

'How is the ice?' is the fit and proper observation to make, of course, even if you have not the most distant intention of going on it yourself. The interest taken by the public therein is absorbing, and the Humane Society are good enough to publish hourly bulletins of the state of its health, as though it were one of the royal family. *The ice is in a highly-dangerous state this morning*, is a favourite bulletin, and has the effect of enticing people in much larger numbers to venture upon it. It is a sort of lottery, in which there are no blanks, and the prizes are hot blankets and plenty of the best pale brandy, which are to be procured *ad libitum* upon the Society's premises by the immersed.

I have discovered a new definition for Man, which I believe to be most valuable. Man is 'a skate-wearing animal,' which distinguishes him from all others, with the trifling exception of a cat in walnut-shells. That sagacious creature, the Dog, gazes upon his so-called master with wonder and contempt as he flees, aimless, over the glassy surface. I saw a Newfoundland upset his owner while performing a gyration, and then, snatching up his stick, carry it off to land, as though in practical reproof of his making such a fool of himself. It was a lesson to humanity at large, and beholding immediately afterwards the Rev. Pyx Oriel, in silk waistcoat and stiffest of ties, waltzing backwards in the space devoted to the Skating Club, I applied it to *him*. What would his congregation think of him, if they could have them witnessed his eccentric evolutions? How could they ever listen respectfully to the arguments of a gentleman whom they had seen proceeding on one leg for fifteen minutes, in what I may well call 'a vicious circle'?" I should not have been the least surprised had he joined in the hurdle-race. This amusement consisted in placing obstacles, formed of the *débris* of ice and earth, across the Serpentine, over which the skaters of both sexes leaped in their headlong course. Their marvellous speed and bird-like gliding could not but extort your admiration; or, shutting your eyes as the fleeting throng swept by, you might easily imagine the groaning and girding of the laden ice were the threats of the pent-up water-spirits.

Nothing, on the contrary, could be more melancholy than the attitude of the Web-footed—the

\* The bystanders were for the most part of the worst description.

legitimate feathered inhabitants of the flood—who, huddling together for mutual warmth, bewailed, in quacks and shrieks, the inexplicable catastrophe which had befallen them. These were the true 'frozen-out' individuals, and I should much like to have had the swan's opinion, written with his own quill, of the nature of his situation. Conceive one's being shut off from *land* some fine morning by some transparent obstacle, which it was nevertheless impossible to remove!

In harmony with my usual ill-luck, I was so unfortunate as never to behold a fellow-creature immersed, although I watched for the incident unremittingly. I made friends with every man in a cork-jacket, and lingered in the neighbourhood of their ice-ladders until my nose turned blue, but nothing came of it, except chilblains. The sole information I extracted worthy of record was that, when a party went 'in,' in St James's Park, people were always more ready to help him than anywhere else. I set this remarkable fact down in my note-book, and after deep reflection upon the matter, inquired of my informant as to what he thought was the reason of this. The ideas of an uneducated but observing person are always valuable, and I was curious to see whether he attributed the local philanthropy to the character of the inhabitants, or to the influence of the neighbourhood of their sovereign.

'Well, you see,' replied the guardian of the public safety, 'St James' have got a concrete bottom, so that there's no mud to choke a party; and besides, they knows as its nowhere more than five feet deep. Now, in the Serpentine, they're ready enough to hook a fellow-creetur' out, but they do it with a pole, from terror firmer.'

In St James's Park, however, I witnessed a spectacle calculated to touch most feeling hearts. To keep the public off a certain ornamental island, to which nature has now formed a bridge, a park-keeper is placed upon it, of imposing size and aspect. He is bound to stay there as long as the ice remains strong enough for the enemy to cross upon it; but what will he do when it is not strong enough? There must be a long interval between the period when it is not safe for ordinary folks—far less for him—and when it will admit of a boat being sent for this unhappy officer. The population of Westminster will therefore have the advantage of beholding how a solitary human being conducts himself when cut off from his fellows. In that park-keeper they will behold a Robinson Crusoe reduced to the condition of primeval humanity. They will witness his devices for procuring food and fuel; he will rub dry sticks together until they emit a spark, and roast the unwary duck or foolish fowl. It is to be hoped that he may at least be rescued before he is reduced to dress himself in their skins. 'Fishing,' says a Notice immediately opposite to him, 'is strictly forbidden'; but Necessity has no Park Regulations, and we shall perhaps perceive him, sitting like a Greenlander, beside a hole in the ice, watching patiently for the seal; the cygnet he will probably have cooked already.

Shaking from me as far as possible these gloomy forebodings, I turned to watch an agile gentleman, who, it was rumoured, was cutting his name out upon the ice. If this were correct, it was a very long name, and I was wondering to myself as to what he would do if it had any *is* and *ts* in it—for he could surely never dot and cross them—

when my arm was suddenly pinched in a familiar manner, and I beheld Mr Richard Sergeant. He had been shaking my hand for some considerable time, but it was far too cold to be aware of it.

'Now, you are going to put all this into print,' said he. 'Don't contradict me, because I know it. Yet this is nothing to what occurs at night-time—nothing whatever. The scene is then like fairy-land, bless you: a blaze of party-coloured light sheds—'

'Have you ever *seen* it?' interrupted I, for I know Mr Sergeant well.

'Why, no,' returned he, hanging his head; 'I haven't *seen* it myself; but I've no objection to see it. Let us go together to-night.'

So I asked him to dine with me that evening. After dinner, in order to preserve us from the rigours of the expedition we had in view, I caused a bottle of elder wine to be heated. My friend had never tasted that homely but cheerful drink before, and he was pleased to like it exceedingly; so we brewed another saucypanful—and I confess it with shame—even a third. 'The beauty of it' was, as Mr Sergeant observed, that 'it was quite impossible to take too much of a liquid of that sort.' I could have taken my oath that he said 'mush'; but being his host, I forbore to make any observation. I was obliged, however, to remind him, when we emerged into the cold air, that he had omitted to bring out his hat with him. He ascribed this act of forgetfulness to the toast, which we had dipped, according to custom, into the fragrant wine. 'Toast in strips,' he explained, 'always had that peculiar effect upon him; not dry toast, nor buttered toast, nor yet Anne'—After a long interval, and with a great effort, he ejaculated, as if the expression had been extorted from him by some passing object, 'Chovy toast!'

I took my dear friend's arm, and drew him in the direction of the Serpentine. 'Come,' said I, 'we shall be late for the torches and the dancing.'

'I see the torches dancing,' remarked he, referring, I regret to say, to the gas-lamps in the Bayswater Road. 'I see a policeman skating, and an omnibus upon a slide.'

After this I desisted from my purpose of witnessing the Torch-light fête, and took Mr Sergeant home.

#### THE EMIGRANTS.

When the elms turn yellow,  
Ere the beech grows red;  
When the dahlias blacken  
In the garden-bed;  
When the skies are grayer,  
And the rain-clouds cluster—  
Then the gathering swallows  
On the belfry muster.

When the dead leaves, golden,  
Blow about the lanes,  
Rustle o'er the fallows,  
Patter on the panes;  
When the sun grows colder,  
And the rain-clouds cluster—  
Then the gathering swallows  
On the belfry muster.

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